Capprighted, 1901, by Dodd. Mead & Co CHAPTER XVI.-CONTINUED.

ONLY A HOUSEBREAKER. Things very important to us. He was shy at first, but what established his confidence was an Irish jig. I danced a jig in the Hibernian manner, with pienty of shouting and the brandishing of the

"My black friend's suspicions, if he had any, were lulled by that dance. Never had he heard of a Bow street runner or constable or turnkey or thief-taker in the whole of his experience who talked broad Irish and danced an Irish jig. Therefore I say, he returned confidence for con-

"His confidence. What was it?" "It is worth your freedom, madam. Nothing less. For he gave me to under-stand-he confessed that, having been sent to the plantations, he has escaped, and has returned to England. Therefore, his life is forfeit.

"Do you understand? I can go to Bow street to-morrow and cause his arrest without appearing as a witness at all. He will then be executed with the greatest certainty There will be no more mercy

Added to his escape, according to his own account, but he may be lying-'tis a boastful villain-he has murdered two or three overseers of the plantations where he

"The news has not yet reached this country, but it will certainly come over before or after his execution. He will be hanged to a certainty, first for breaking sentence of transportation, and next for the murder of the overseers. "O!" Isabe clapped her hands and sat

upright. "Oliver, you are wonderful! I have always said that you would bring luck to the house." You deserve, madam, that I should

bring luck to your house I ought to bring the best kind of luck in return for goodness

without parallel. She sighed, thinking of certain words she had overheard between the young

man and her companion.
"I must finish my story," he said. "For there is another way. The man had a woman with him-the woman who, I understand, came here with a message from him this morning. You saw her--

"A wretched creature, all rags and dirt." "She is all rags and dirt. In that respect s'ie matches the man. Unless she was all rags and dirt she could not be his comparion; nor could she sit in that tavern Now, madam, unless that woman lied. which I do not believe, she is the wife of the adventurous negro; she has been married to him these five years.

"In that case observe that you were not married to the man at all. The ceremony meant nothing except bigamy on his part. I say that I am not certain. The woman may have lied, but I doubt it. If she tells the truth do you not see another way to freedom?"

"It is dreadful," she replied, "to desire the death of any man, especially of so great a sinner. But yet—yet—my friend, I cannot give up even that wretch to certain death. It would be on my conscience for the rest of my life

You shall not have anything to do with his death, madam. If necessary, I will myself undertake the job. A workman-like job I will make of it, too. But we must consider ourselves first. And perhaps It is not desirable to hang him offhand.

"He would perhaps become a popular criminal. The mob loves a big and strong man. Then there would be a last dying speech and confession, with a ballad about the cruel lady and the gallant black. Perhaps it would be better to avoid this possible

"What would you do, then?"

"I have thought of a plan, but it is not easy. I am not quite certain whether it can be carried through."

"Would your plan save his life? Would it leave him free to come here again?" The crowning terror in the lady's mind was that he might come again.
"Breathe freely, madam. Whatever happens, he shall not trouble you. It is, however, as well to remember that there is

ever, as well to remember that there is another way possible besides the rough-and-ready method of laying an information at Bow street. Believe me, dear madam, the thing is as good as done."

"O, Ollver, I will joyfully leave, the whole business in your hands. If you can only bring it to a close without a scandal."

"I will do my best. Meantime, it is now nearly midnight. Let your servants go to bed. Do you go to your own room. I will sit up here and receive him if he comes."

"Do you think he will come? Do you think he suspects? Do you think he will

think he suspects? Do you think he will know you again.

"He is suire to come. He told me that he meant to come. I have a sword with me, as you see—it is not common for a lawyer to wear a sword, but he was thus segirt—and a brace of pletole. I may have to use them, in which case it would be only one housebrenker the less. But I think he will listen to reason, and recognize the pistole. As for the rest, he suspects nothing, and he is certain not to recognize me."

Isabel obeyed. She went to her own room at the back of the drawing room, and there, with door locked and holted, she listened. For a long time she waited and listened.

Presently she heard voices—they were not loud voices. Chiefly site heard one voice, and it was Oliver's. Then there was slience. When she was quite sure that there was but one person left she unlocked the door and came but.

Left alone, Oliver prepared for possibilities. These were manifold. The man might become fictors, he might refuse to obay, it which case it would be necessary to clear him.

Assertingly, Oliver piaces the two sets disc

Accordingly, Oliver placed the two catelles on a table believe a screen, they afforded dim light on the setting of a single corner who great room, no placed manned believe take. He spicted started to conditions a lookened the second to the scatteness and

the insergered to seemed in the neutrinoist and the preparate to seemed.

Let had respond not search the choice of the data of the state of the search of the data of the state of the search of and then the superform said them. I find reparate had because filterately in all singles that there exists a state of the search supplement to have all singles that there exists any accordance has returned and according to the three parts of the search of t

but there was the light of the candles above the erreen, letting the light fall upon the man's face and revealing himself. "Who are you?" Oliver asked, "and what do you want?" do you want?"
"I want Mrs. Weyland."

"You cannot see that lady."
"I will see her. Go and bring her or i will murder you."
"I shall not bring her and you will not murder me."
"Bring the woman, or it will be the worse

You will not see her either to-night or

"You will not see her either to-night or any other night. Go!"

"Go?" the man laughed. "Why—I came to see her. If you do not bring her here I shall wait here all night."

"If you do not go I will ring this bell and call up the servants."

"Call them up if you dare, and I will tell them who I am. The servants? They are my servants. The house is my house. What are you doing in my house? Go out of my house before I break your skull."

Oliver raised his pistol. "Take one single step and I will shoot you. Then I will ring the bell and call up the servants and tell them to drag out the body of the burglar."

and tell them to drag out the body of the burglar."

The man stopped and hesitated. The pistol was visible in the hands of the speaker, and his voice showed no signs of terror or hesitation.

"So," said Oliver still covering him with the pistol and watching him as one watches an antagonist in a duel. "You will think better directly about calling up the servants. Because, Mr. Adolphus Truxo, you are wanted elsewhere."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that if you move I shall fire. If I ring this bell you will be arrested or tilled. If you are arrested, it will not be as a burglar, but as an escaped convict.

as a burglar, but as an escaped convict.
You will not be tried for breaking your conditions, but you will be hanged at once without hope of reprieve. Do you under-

conditions, but you will be hanged at onco without hope of reprieve. Do you understand?"

The man made no reply.

"Stay here all night if you please. I shall stay here all night as well. I have my pistols, and will use them if you threaten. In the morning the people of the household will come. Even if you escape them, we know where to find you. If you were to murder me you would not escape. There is no escape possible for you. Do you understand all this?"

"Who are you?" The negro did understand what was invention on the part of this surprising person. "How do you know all this?"

"I know more. I know about the murdered overseers in Virginia."

"I will murder you too, by—"

"No, you will not, because I shall shoot you before you get the chance. I know more still. I know that you pretend—that you are married to this lady."

"So I was. In Newgate."

"Yes. But I know that you were married already."

"Who are you? Who are you?"

"Who are you? Who are you?"

"Never mind who I am. Now, I have had enough of you. Go! You are a common burglar. I have caught you in the act. Fly, or I fire! Fly, I say"—he raised his pistol—"or I fire and settle this business I want money."

"Then I must pull the bell which awakens the servants. You will have no money man hesitated for a minute.

The man hesitated for a minute.

"I will go," he said slowly
"Stop. You are liable to be hanged.
Perhaps—I don't say—I may help you to
escape the gallows for this turn. Now,
then, listen. It is dangerous for you to
be seen in any street of London. Keep
where you are, lie snug. Have you anyone you can trust as messenger? You
sent a woman this morning, a woman
in rags, a woman not to be allowed in a
decent house—have you no better messenger?"

in rags, a woman not to be allowed in a decent house—have you no better messenger?"

"There's an Irishman—a man from Dublin. He's in trouble, too but he would run an arrant for me if I asked him."

"Send your Irishman, then, and he shall tell you what you are to do. Send him in the morning about 10 or so."

"I've got no money."

"Tell your messenger that. But keep snug. If you stir abroad, you will be seen and recognized. Keep snug. You deserve nothing but hanging. I tell you this for your own good. Go!"

The man disappeared as he had come. In the morning one of the servants observed that a window at the back was open. She said that she had shut it and boited it.

Isabel crept out, hearing no more voices "Oh," she cried. "Have you persuaded him?"
"He will give you no more trouble, madam. Rest quite easy. As we agreed, it will, perhaps, be better not to have the man hanged. I would rather send him back to powerful man with a taste for housebreak-ing and murder will very speedily meet with such an end as should satisfy all his

friends. But, indeed, you will hear no more of him." Isabel heaved a deep sigh. "Oh! you make me happy again; you have seen me in my deepest humiliations. After many days my sins have found me out. What shall I do—what can I do in gratitude to you for saving my good name

CHAPTER XVII. FEMINA PUBENS.

In the morning the Irish refugee again presented himself at the White Dog. The parior of the tavern was occupied by half a dozen sailors, sitting idly about, happy in having nothing to do; they were mostly silent and ill at ease in consequence of the evening's debauch.

Among them, however, was the woman called Doil, who was occupied with the cooking of a couple of red herrings for her man. There is no better breakfast after a skinful of rum and water than a red herring and a tenkard of small ale.

her man. There is no better breakfast after a skinful of rum and water than a red herring and a tankard of small ale.

The Irishman addressed the woman in honeyed tones.

"Sure," he said, "it's scorehin' and burnin' your pretty face ye are with them red herrins. Let go the griddle now, and I'll frizzle them for ye. So that's right.

He took the instrument out of her hands. There is no woman, not even if she resembles Boil and belongs to her class, but is mollified by being complimented on her looks and relieved of the work.

"I' faith," he went on, "a better cook than myself ye'll niver find in all Dobblin. And where's the good man this morning? Lying anug?" He whitepered, looking round the room. "He can't be too snug. The news of his return is spread abroad. I've heard 'em talking about it, and they are on the job looking for him. Let him he song." For how long? He can't stay upstairs in his bedroom all his life.

"He can't my pastty. You're a woman, you're good lookin. He can't lie in his room all his life. That's a wise thing to say. Now, I het that he depends upon your advice, doner't he?

"On my advice, doner't he?"

"On my advice, doner't he?

"On my advice, doner's he would be feller on all his contrary, he will his fiel. Not the contrary, he will his fiel. Not the I compliable slape're at allies, condy with word and a laber and disc some of the contrary he will his fiel.

You're right, Doll. There isn't as prop-er cour in Leastion. Well, you sained take the of take.

He if he areas in house, propin M won toll to the strictle a but of our affecting flactor action attacked to take each appear to take each assembly to but their flactor actions, the control of the flactor actions at the flactor of a same, as now start with appear of a same, as now start with appear of a same, as now start with appear of a same, as now start with a same to the start of the same of the same

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because I'll go. I'd do more than that for a brave man like you."

The man took a long pull at the small ale, and sighed heavily.

"Last night," he said, "after you went away, I had a discourse with a gentleman."

"Did the gentleman know what had happened?"

"He did. He knew everything—how he learned it I know not. He knew everything. If he knew it, how did he know it? Who else knows it? He was a good sort of gentleman, too. He gave me a warning. 'Keep snug,' he said, 'Keep snug, unless you want to be hanged.' That is what he said I don't want to be hanged. I don't want to be hanged-no you. What's your name? I've more do you.

forgotten your name."
"We're in the same boat. If they catch forgotten your name."

"We're in the same boat. If they catch me they'll stretch me, same as you, only they don't know me, ye see, friend, they do know you; so the gentleman said you were to lie snug did he? Then he won't lay information—why, it's £20 to the informer in the case of a runaway—what it is for a nurder I don't know."

"Hush! Be quiet—don't talk so loud, some one may be listening."

His friend, the sympathetic Irishman, opened the door and looked out cautiously. "There's no one. You're quite safe here unless the landlord or one of the pot boys.—But you must trust some one. What about that arrant? I want to earn a shilling if I can."

"Well, then, can you write?"

"Sorra a bit."

"No more can I; we must do without. Go to St. James's Square, at the other end of the town; the house is No. 15. Can you read numbers?"

"If I can't, somebody in the Square can, sure."

"No. 15, then. Find the house. Ask to see Mrs. Weyland. Don't forget the name —Weyland." remember-Weyland-Mrs. Wey-She's a young woman and a fine woman

"She's a young woman and a fine woman —as fine a woman as ever you see. I married her once, about three years ago." He made the announcement as if it was quite a common thing for a black of low station to marry a gentlewoman.

"Did you now?" asked the Irishman, with admiration. "Married her, did you? Married her. To be sure you look like a man who would have more wives than one. Does Doll know it?"

"What does it matter if she does know

"What does it matter if she does know it? I married Doll a year or two before. A man may have as many wives as he likes, "I've got one in Cark and another

I hope."

"I've got one in Cark and another in Dobblin, not to speak of a mighty fine girl waiting for me in Tipperary.

"The way of it was this, I married the lady when I was under sentence of death in Newgate, she gave me my fill of rum in return. I was pricked for Tyburn on the morning after and I never thought to get off. But there was too many of us and they were bound to let off some, so they sent me to Virginia."

"So you told me last night."

"My lady was such a beautiful creature, with cheeks like an apple and eyes like melting—melting candles—I would not disappoint her and so I never sent her word that I wasn't hanged after all—Why should I? Besides, I thought that perhaps I should never get away.

"Well, you ask to see Mrs. Weyland. There's footmen at the door—they'll be for refusing you admission. Say it's about a poor man—say it's an act of charity; say that you'll sit there on the doorstep; say that you'll fight the best man of the lot; then they'll let you go in'.

that you'll sit there on the doorstep; say that you'll fight the best man of the lot; then they'll let you go in."

"What am I to say when I am in?"

"You're just to tell madam that you come from me; that I saw the gentleman with the pistols last night; that I'll follow his advice; that she's got nothing to fear from me, and that I won't get into the house any more, and that I'll lay snug until such time as the gentleman tells me what to do."

"I'll remember all that—anything more?"

"I'll remember all that—anything more?

"I'll remember all that—anything more?"
"Tell her that I've got no money, and that I'd be thankful for some. Otherwise I shall be turned into the streets."
"Is that all?"
"That's all. And hark ye, my lad, I've only known you since last night. If so be you don't treat me square in the matter of this money, I——"
"Brother," the Irishman interrupted him with emotion, "we're in the same beat.

him with emotion, "we're in the same boat. Both of us are keeping out of the way. You can trust me: I'll bring you back all the money I get—nover fear—never fear I'll fight the best man of the lot. I'll fight any two. I'll sit on the doorstep and I'll make the sweet young thing send you the

So he went off with a light footstep So he went off with a light footstep. He might be an enemy of the laws, but his appearance and his conversation conveyed confidence. It should be added that he had not washed his face since the evaluation and smudges of the work in which he had been last engaged. Nor had he washed his ragged locks which still hung down upon his shoulders in a tangled mass—which certainly had not seen the comb for a long time—otherwise a sprightly and a cheerful working man.

for a long time—otherwise a sprightly and a cheerful working man.

He was gone about three hours—when he returned it was close upon noon and Dolf was again occuried with the griditon cooking a beefsteak for the dinner of her lord. The parlor was by this time quite empty and deserted.

Ye can tell him I've come back, Doll." Again he took the gridiron from her hands. "For a tender steak there's no country like ould Ireland, be sure. Ye can run upstairs Doll, and tell him I've brought the money. Ah, Doll," he murmaured while he turned the steak, "it's a lovely creature over there. A most lovely creature?"

"Where? What lovely creature?"

"Why—you were there yourself yesterday Didn't you see her?"

"What lovely creature? Speak, ye Irish devil. What lovely creature?" Dolf's temper was quickly roused; it was dangerous to converse with her even upon lovely creatures."

per was quickly roused, it was dangerous to converse with her even upon lovely creatures.

"I thought you knew why, Doli, the woman she's an angel to look at the woman she's dressed up as fine as a godders, and she's got a sweet smile.

"What woman? Speak, or I'll brain ye with the frying pan." Indeed, she looked as if she was capable of this action.

"Why, Doli—I ought not to have spoken. I thought you knew Very likely, how, there's nothing betwizt them It's the woman who gives him money. You went for it yourself yesterday." "She gives him money? I went for it? What does she give him money for?" "How should I know? Hark ye. Doli, I'se a liking for you, and I'll tell you what I think. There isn't a lady in the land who wouldn't take such a fine man as yourse from you if she could. Not a lady, mind." I know the house I'll go there I'll find her I'll murder her, she'll she hissed it her wrath.

"Fome, Doli, I wouldn't do that If you do that you'll kning him to the gallows, and yourself as wen! You and your fine now will go off to Tyburch in the came can?" I don't care if I do. I'll go mind give information, negacil, I'll have him hanged I have energed to get him hanged to see you."

I securida't do that, Doll I'll tell you.

"I expedent do that, Itali I'll tell you a tellar thing to do."

When a that?

Tale him all no new ay front iner, where he can ignor at her provide south fired him. That is include many three him to postered, Itali.

For a whate Itali stand out an interder the post of the front him to postered.

yes were flaming; she showed her teeth like a tigress; she clenched her fist and clawed the air; in a word, she was the jealous woman entirely abandoned to rage and

clawed the sir, in a word, she was the jealous woman entirely abandoned to rage and resentment.

"How do you know that she's taken him from you? This morning I saw her—" The Irishman had as fine imagination because he had not in reality been further west than Drury lane, where he had seen his friend the actor and had set certain little things about his disguise in better order. "I saw her, I say, this morning." Tell me, 'she says, 'how's Mr. Truxo. It's a fine man he is and no mistake.' True for you, my lady, I says!

"As to her face and figure, if you'll believe me, Doll, she's not to be compared with you. 'Is he is the White Dog still?' she asks. 'Madam,' I says,' he is and likely to remain there.' I would help him if I could, 'she said, 'because he is such a fine figure of a man. And I'm astonished,' she says, 'astonished I am,' she says, 'to think that he's remained unmarried so long. Believe me,' she says 'there's plenty of women would take pity on him—I myself—no, I must not say so,' she says. So you see Doll, she believes that he's not yet married."

"She must—most of the women are fools. That's how they're made. They understand nawthin', being, as you said—you are the wise woman, Doll—mostly fools."

"Have you got anything more to tell me about her?"

"This, Doll If we can make her understand that your man is married already, she'll give him up. Not, mind you, that there's anything to bring between them. These rich women have their fancies—same as the likes of you, Doll.

"She gets to know this fine man and she gives him money; she says that she's astonished that he's not married and she would take pity on him. Well Doll, there you are! Once let me prove to her that you are his wife and there's an end."

"I told you that I am his wife."

"You did, Doll, you did. Suppose I was to go to her and say: 'Doll's his wife, and the proof is that she fetched me a box o' the ear enough to knock my head off. But we want better proof than that, Doll."

o' the ear enough to knock my head off. But we want better proof than that, Doll." "I can't give you my marriage lines." "No—and I don't want them. Tell me

"No—and I don't want them. Tell me only where and when you were married That will be quite enough for me "That's easy. I was married in Shadwell Church five years ago in July." Five years ago, in the month of July, in Shadwell Church. That's enough, Doll, and now don't let him see that you're jealous, because he's made so, and he'd be angered, and when he's angered—if I was you, Doll, I wouldn't anger him. So that's all right, isn't it?"

you, Doll, I wouldn't anger him. So that's all right, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," she replied, sullenly.
"He has been there——"
"He won't go there any more, I promise you that, and there's to be no sticking with knives, is there? and no going to the house and calling names? Because you see. Doll, you'd only anger him the more; and no giving information, because, you see, it would be a terrible thing for you, of all people in the world, to bring this man of yours—all your own—to the gallows. You'd never forgive yourself, and bad luck would follow you all your life."

"No, I won't lay information. But she's got to give him up.
"She will, she will, when she hears the truth, there's nothing she will desire more

"She will, she will, when she hears the truth, there's nothing she will desire more than to give him up. Now, Doll, the steak is done. I'll carry it up, and, hark ye, not a word of this talk. What he'd do to you I know. As for me, I can keep out of the way, but I'd rather not. I'd like to run his arrants and to do for him—until I can get a job."

get a job."

He carried the steak on a hot pewter platter upstairs to the man lying snug.

"Well," he asked, "have you got the

money?"

"I've got five guineas; there it is for you.
"And you saw the lady?"
"I've seen the lady. She's a fine womanas ever I saw. But she's dangerous."
"How dangerous?"

"Tell the man, she says, 'that he's got to do what he's told. I know all about him. A word from me will have him hanged. And tell him that he was not married to me, because he had a wife already. Doll is her name, and he was married in Shadwell Church five years ago, in the month of July,' she says."

Church five years ago, in the month of July, 'she says."

"How did she know that?"

"I can't tell you. That's what she said. And here's your money. Five guineas she sends you. You're to make it last a long time, she says. Divil a bit more you'll have for a long time. Give me a shilling. I wouldn't rob you; a shilling is all I want for my own trouble. Thank you."

"Come and drink a bout this evening." The negro rattled the coins with the rapturous visions of unbounded rum for himself and friends.

"Be careful, mate; I wouldn't go down.

Be careful, mate; I wouldn't go down if I was you. They seem honest lads, but no one can tell. There is talk of a negro runaway from Virginia; I heard people in the street talking of a hue and ery, and the reward. It's a pot of money

people in the street talking of a hue and cry, and the reward. It's a pot of money for any one, mind you."

"So 'tis,' so 'tis,'
"There may be some of those down below—but who knows? Brother, if I were you I'd lay up here. Get your drink upthe stairs—and your supper. Doll will do that for you. Lay up, lay up a bit."

So saying he departed, leaving Mr. Truxo to the enjoyment of his steak and the apprehension of betrayal. He had also filled the heart of one of Truxo's wives with jealousy, so that he came away with the consciousness of having done a good morning's work at the expense of a little exercise of the imagination.

As for the negro, he sat alone in his room, a prey to all the direct terrors—and drinking continuously in order to put out of sight that narrow courtyard with which he was already familiar, and the thoughts of the triangular tree along the Oxford road, which rose up before him in his waking hours and in his dreams.

Fo be continued.

MOST NORTHERN BAILWAY. Wild Goose Road From Name to April

City is a Money Maker. Miners back from Nome, which is now a city of six or seven thousand inhabitants, give interesting accounts of the Wild Goose Railway, the most no thern line in the

world, one of the shortset, and probably its length, the most profitable.

The Wild Goose road was built by C. D. Lace, the California man who has made so much money in Alaska. It runs from Norm five miles back has been Nome five miles back into the country to Anvil City and its running time is about

an hour for the distance.
It has a narrow gauge, one engine, one hos car and several flat cars. It runs only in number but last your its sut profit was

The passengers ride on benches in the one box car and pay \$1 for the five-mile journey. The freight sale is \$40 a ton. the same rate that is payed for carrying freight from Seattle, a see miles to Norme The road is not graded and its tim are aid on the frames tubiles and when that

"MEDEA OF THE STUDIO."

How Grimm Got His "Idea" at Last.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS Among the women who in 189-knocked at the doors of the Milo Academy of Art

to pose, was "Medea." She was tall, slender, sinuous. Her movements were graceful, but undulant and snake-like. Her beauty was of a dark, sinister sort, calcuated to at once attract and repel. Her eyes were dark, heavylidded, sultry, their expression invar-

fably reminiscent and sometimes furtive; yet withal a certain wistfulness lay in their sombre depths. Her features were of an Oriental cast, yet the French parentage was evident in certain gestures, though they were not nervous, and in her accent, though she spoke excellent English. Her hair was dark, and worn low upon a low fore sad

She would pose, she said, for the Life She carried, that first night, a guitar case, and every night thereafter that she came. It was cold that first night, as it was almost all of that winter in New York, and she seemed to have felt the frost. But her first care seemed to be for the case with the guitar. She placed it carefully upon the heating coils that ran along the wall. Then, though chilled and shivering, she removed her ulster and heating it over the coils, laid it carefully over the guitar case. One would have thought she was tending a child; yet the maternal instinct was not writ large upon her, in either face

or figure.
"Cold isn't good for musical instruments, said Stuyvesant, who plays a mandolin in a glee club. But such exceeding care He broke off, pondering.

"I've seen her in a canvas, somewhere, said Grimm; and he went grubbing in his brain to find the name of it. Grimm is a painter of the nude, and has a studio on Sixteenth street. His nymphs had brought him some fame, and money, but the people had grown tired, and of late the dealers wouldn't buy. Grimm had not done any-thing great, but he believed he had some thing great in him, and we too had faith in Grimm. He came often to the Antique

and Life Classes, to see the boys. "I have it!" said Matthews. "I'll swear she was the model for de Saranac's 'Brooding Eve' of the year before last. That's the one in which the snake plays such a

"As it did in the beginning," remarked Harris. "Does now, and ever shall," concluded

Stuyvesant. "You're right," said Grimm, "but that sn't the one." He passed his long, white hand across his brows. "Presto!" he exclaimed, as if about to perform a miracle "It's Viviere's 'Daughter of the Snake Charmer,' a Salon picture of last year.' "She seems to have been strong on

snakes," remarked Harris.
"She took that boa," said Richards from about her neck just the way I've seen circus women han dle snakes.

"Perhaps she has another boa in the guitar case," reflected Stuyvesant. His curious gaze was directed toward the object of his remark, at the other side of the big, bare room.
"In that case--- murmured Harris

bare room.

"In that case——" murmured Harris.

"Music hath charms, you know, to soothe
the savage snake," said Matthews.

"Lizards and snakes and things of that
variety are particularly susceptible to it."
remarked Grimm.

"She's deucediy like Medea, " said Matthews, still reminiscent. "You fellows
know the one. It's in every shop in America
and in half the houses, in the form of an
engraving or steel print."

"I know the one, "said Grimm. "Everybody does. But that's years and years
old. This girl can't be much over twenty."

"I only meant there was a likeness, you

old. This girl can't be much blikeness, you "I only meant there was a likeness, you know."
"We'll name her Medea," said Richards. "She had something to do with snakes,

hadn't she?"

"She got over a jolly big one when she collared the Golden Fleece," said Harris, resurrecting his mythology.

"She has a name already, I daresay, and may object," said Stuyvesant. "Medea may be classical, but it bears a phonetical resemblance to a phrase of affection."

"Coexistent with the English tongue," said Grimm.

said Grimm.

"And other tongues that were old before the Saxon tongue was born," said Harris.

Medea stood for the l-fie Class that evenday.

ing.

"Contemplate your fortune," said Grimm.

"The model of a Salon success."

She was not communicative; but she thawed out, in spite of the weather, in the course of time.

She told us of the studies of Paris and of the schools of the Latin Quarter. She

Sine told us of the studios of Paris and of the schools of the Latin Quarter. She told us of the cafés and of the gossip and wine and the laughter of the Boule St. Miche. It was like wine to us to have her talk about the men who were world-famous, of their habits and idiosyncrasies, of their method of work, and all that.

"Yes." she said, "Medea will do. It is all right. I know—She married a foreigner named Jackson"

"But what is your name, Medea?" said Stoywesant.

Stuyvesant.

"Medea," she said "What? You know
De Baranae and Viviere and do not know
the name of the model that is known in
every studio in Paris?"

Ever see him?

Harris watched furtively. But Medea
knew
Perhaps, she said, and the incident,
as they say in diplomacy, closed.

The rand is not graded and its time are inited on the fitness that on the fitness that the and when that there is summer the time and the tracks with these aims deep tate the fitness. The engine resonant pressty rape through blacks in the major entered plant far fitness and the read when the read that the fitness and the read when the latest fitness and the read when the latest fitness are shown grades furiously and the tracks that engine fitness on the lites and the trains make solven gradies on the lites and the trains make solven gradies on the lites and the trains make solven grades of the fitness of the fitne

seemed in keeping with her soft speech, her graceful if rare gestures, but, above all, her sinuous, lithe movement, she evaded his questioning. This made us all curious, or doubly so.

"What the devil is in it?" said Stuyvesant, irritated

irritated.

"Perhaps the devil is in it," said Harris.
"You'd best not be too curious. Besides, it isn't good form. And Medea, you know, was quite a power in her way. I've been looking her record up: The wonder to me is that with the power she had, she was

me is that with the power she had, she no worse."

Grimm now came every night of the life class. Medea had engaged to pose for him. His nymphs were no longer paying investments. People thought he could only do one thing, and that they had encouraged it long enough. He must do something, something fresh, he said to himself. If the people had grown tired of his nymphs, he must devise, divine some new channel for his talent. Medea had taken a strange hold upon him. There must be something in her history, short as it must have been, of more than passing interest. Why had she, rising into success, left Paris? Why had she come to New York? A charming writer has said that the great thing in painting is that the artist shall find a model who will collaborate with his talent. That is the way Grimm felt about Medea. Not at first. Then she had both attracted and repelled. Now she drew-him. She would fit his genius like a glove." he said.

He would conceive and paint a great picture. But he must conceive first. He must get the "wonderful idea." He went for long walks in the park, in the woods. He turned over his old sketches. He looked through I emprière. Yet he did not think Medea's lines adaptable to the antique. Her figure was slender, small-boned though rounded, supple, sinuous. What would she make? Barring her inches, a Cleopatra. So he walked, muttered, racked his brain, but the idea would not come. He could see only Medea.

"I'll leave it alone!" he muttered. "It will come like a flash, or not at all!"

"Some time," said Medea indulgently, in reply to Stuyvesant's perpetual inquiry, "I will show you the guitar—if you will no worse."

Grimm now came every night of the

"Some time," said Medea indulgently, in reply to Stuyvesant's perpetual inquiry, "I will show you the guitar—if you will promise to play upon it."

"Oh, well," said Stuyvesant, "we want to hear you play, you know."

That was the evening Matthews spoke of Heywood. "Heywood and his wife are back in town to-day," he said casually. Medea changed her position. She threw up her head, alert. For a moment her heavy lids raised, her eyes flashed with a strange fire. Then her lids drooped, her head declined, and she was as before, immovable, inscrutable.

head declined, and she was as before, immovable, inscrutable.

"Heywood's done with art now," said Harris. "When a man of his natural tastes for the world marries three millions, he isn't likely to want to return to toil." isn't likely to want to return to ton.
"He'll buy our pictures instead," "He'll buy our pictures instead," said Richards.

"He tells me he is going back to Paris," said Matthews. "He says he intends to be on the line in two years. He has a great idea, and he means to paint it."

"He might give it to me, said Grimm, grimly. "He doesn't need it."

grimly. "He doesn't need it."
"If Heywood's in love with his art, he will be all right," said Matthews.
"And if he's in love with his wife?" said "He is, and so much the better. He'll

"He is, and so much the better. He in paint for her."

"She il be jealous of the studio," said Richards. "I have heard she is desperately in love with him. A wife is nearly always jealous of her husband's talent. It takes his time "It isn't always the poor beggars who paint the masterpieces, worse luck!" said Grimm. "Heywood may beat us all, hands

emotion.
"They fell in love at once. Papa as-sented, and they became engaged. Hey-wood laid down his brush. Three months ago they were married from the paternal roof on Fifth avenue. Instead of going to the Continent, they went South. Now they have returned, and Heywood is talking through his hat about going back to the Latin Quarter."

Where his wife will drive for him every day to take him home to their luxurious apartments in some swell hotel," said

Grimm.

Then Mr. Heywood is American, too?"
asked Medea, carelessly

"He was born in New York. He lived
here for twenty-three years without Miss
Charteris ever catching a glimpse of him."

That was too bad, said Medea

Charteris ever catching a glimpse of him."

"That was too bad," said Medea
"Meeting in a studio in the Latin Quarter
was more romantic, said Richards.

"Perhaps," said Medea, drily.

"Well, he is coming in to see us," said
Matthews. "His affluence hasn't spoiled
his affection for the boys. I believe he's
a bit homesick for the sight of easels and
casts, piatform and palette."

"By the way, Medea, said Stuyvesant,
"you were over there when Heywood was.
Ever see him?"
Harris watched furtively. But Medea

"Motion, she said "Wint' You know the name of the model that is known in every studio in Parie"

"We have forgotten the meme in remembering the face, said flatthows. "What's in a name? said flatthows." The have forgotten the meme in remembering the face, said flatthows. "What's in a name? said flatthows." You know, some one said that models like queens, content themselves with one name. And I am content."

"And I am content."

'It is the Core South " said Grimm, who cometing of a colorated. If a a fellow "It is the test transie," and farmen, who is consisting if a suctration. "It as a fellow examine your of each other is a consistency fraction of the a continue the posting and fraction. Marie a suction of the me blooding mays barriers on it is seen to be an adaptive to the Thing as if it seems business. It couldn't again, with a problemous part of affection in the repulsive year together providing another start and

also could with a morbiding amilia.
"That's rough so is " said Marris. But it's contained a standard to you."

was not bravado. Perhaps he wished it was not bravado. Perhaps he wished to please Medea.

She placed the snake about Grimm's neck, caressing the reptile and calling it by pet names the while. One thought, reluctantly, of a woman placing a scarf lingeringly about the neck of her lover. The snake lay passive, its head upon Grimm's shoulder, its beady eyes ever upon Medea. Grimm shuddered at the touch of the glistening skin upon his arm, but he stood the ordeal with a simulated nonchalance that effectively masked his innate aversion.

We were not to be shamed into even a mute admission of distrust or fear. Each of us in turn—save Stuyvesant—went through

us in turn—save Stuyvesant—went through the ordeal. It was like the rite of a lodge But as we felt the contact of the cold body

But as we felt the contact of the cold hody a shiver passed along our spine, and w-wondered, and shuddered again, at the apparently real delight that contact with the reptile gave Medea.

We laughed at Stuyvesant; but neither our raillery nor Medea's mocking sarcasm could provoke him out of his fear. How-ever, our taunts and Medea's laughter pricked his pride, and he went home huffed and ireful.

pricked his pride, and he went home huffed and ireful.

Well, it was the next night of the Life Class that it all happened. Medea had come in and was undressing behind a large screen at the further end of the large room. Some philosopher said that life is made up largely of buttoning and unbuttoning. It certainly is in this age, particularly in the case of the artist's model. She had placed the guitar case, no longer holding a mystery, as usual upon the coils. Coils upon tery, as usual upon the coils. Coils upon coils, as Harris remarked. In a little while she said, we would come to love her pet even as she loved it. We doubted it, because even as she loved it. We doubted it, because from the first dark hours of Eden the snake, if not in its symbolized at least in its literal form, has had a greater fascination for woman than for man. It is the woman woman than for man. It is the woman who in the circus charms the snakes. It is the snake who, in that grimmer arena of mummery, the world, charms woman-

That last night, I remember, was passing cold. We all came in tingling, glad to escape from the buffets of Boreas into the haven of the atmosphere of satisfying heat. haven of the atmosphere of satisfying heat.
Because of the severity of the weather
the stoker had, apparently, taxed the capacity of his furnace to the uttermost.
"It's eighty," said Stuyvesant, consulting a thermometer upon the wall ere
he carried out an easel.
Richards pushed up a window, and the
cold air rushed in. Richards inhaled it

gratefully.

A few minutes later Matthews came in;
a tall, strikingly handsome young fellow

a tall, strikingly handsome young fellow with him.

"By Jove, here's Heywood!" cried Stuyvesant, in his demonstrative way.

There was a crash. At the further end of the room a small screen had fallen. For a moment we had a glimpse of a slender, beautiful nude form that disappeared behind the larger screen. It was like a tableau—in a flash

Heywood stood staring. Some one held out a welcoming hand. Heywood did not seem to see it. He passed his gloved hand across his eyes, as if clearing away imaginary cobwebs. Then his gaze wandered about the room, and at last rested upon Medea's guitar case. He walked slowly toward it.

toward it.

"Chilly in here, isn't it?" he remarked with a shiver
Richards closed the window. Directly in front of it lay the guitar case.

Heywood laid his hand upon the case.

"Music?" he said, laconically.

"Hardly," said Stuyvesant. "It's—"
"A new model?" interrupted Heywood, starting toward the screens. His manner was so unlike that of the Heywood we had known, even the Heywood who had entered the room but a moment before, that our

"It isn't always the poor beggars who paint the masterpieces, worse luck!" said Grimm. "Heywood may beat us all, hands down."
"He's quite young," said Matthews.
"And anyway, he'll soon tire of Fifth avenue and going abroad."
"What's his great idea?" said Stuyvesant.
"It's likely that if he thought it great he would tell. His wife has a beauty of a rare sort. Perhaps—"
"Then he is giving up the nude. Of course, a young wife, and Heywood such a handsome fellow, would be jealous of a model."
"Ask Medea,"
"Who is Mr. Heywood," she said.
"Mr. Heywood," said Harris, "is one of those lucky dogs that Fate is continually pelting with the bons-bons of good fortune. He thought he had only one ambition—art. He went to Paris. He worked. The news that came to us was good. Then Fate took Miss Grace Charteris and her papa to Paris. She met Heywood in a studio. Why, what's the matter?"
"Nothing, "said Medea. She spoke sharply."
"Nothing, "said dedea. She spoke sharply."
"Nothing, "said Medea. She spoke sharply."
"No

about Heywood's shoulders.

Heywood, suddenly trembling, pale, passionate, tried to shake himself free.

"Take off the damned thing!" he roared.

"Do you hear?"

Stuyvesant, who had only for the moment in a spirit of bravado, mastered his strong returnance to the snake row suddenly. rejugnance to the snake, now suddenly shared Heywood's. He hesitated. Two or three of us started ferward. Others laughed, then suddenly ceased; and we who had moved paused. Something in the attitude of the snake's head, raised thresteningly, in the glitter of its eyes, gave us pause.

eningly, in the glitter of its eyes, gave us pause.

"It's perfectly harmless," said Matthews.
"Stand still."

The snake had at first seemed torpid. The chilling air through the opened window had blown directly upon the case. Now, as if renewed with life, the reptile coiled its length about Heywood's white throst. Its ugly head brushed his pale face.

"By God" he oried, throwing out his hands. "The thing's choking me!"

At that, we sprang forward. Stuyvesant was first.

"Too many cooks, you know!" he cried.
"Let me! I did this—it's all my fault!" His

was first

"Too many cooks, you know!" he oried.

'Let me! I did this it's all my fault!" His
fingers closed about the snake.

Whether from fear, or the reviving sense
of heat, or hate who knows?—of the man
whose throat it now encompassed, the coils
of the snake were now coils of steel, each
moment relentlessiy tightening Stravvesant's hands were powerless.

"liv tiod!" he cried, his face blanched.
"I can't do it!"

"Where's Medea?" cried Matthews.
"She's the only one—He ran down
the room. Heywood, choking, fell to his
knees, two of us, trembling tearing with
futile flagers at the slippery folds.

There was a cry from Matthews—a cry of
horror. We saw the large serien fall, and
Matthews standing, open monthed, staring
still as stone Medea lay upon a could,
spread with a tiger-skin motionless, hate
dishevelled. One arm hong over the
couch, the white hand trailing upon the
floor, the sientier flagers claepling a pital.

A strange paingest perfume drifted down
the lag hard room. It was inter almoniaNew, all this was in a moment. In the
new horror of it, we had forgoties liter
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